# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Brilliant Celebration of His Seventieth Birthday.

#### A GALAXY OF WIT.

New Poems by the "Autocrat," Whittier and Stedman.

#### GUESTS AT THE BANQUET.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HEBALD. ]

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 3, 1879. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was an autocrat to-day. He had around him the most otable gathering of literary men and women ever witnessed in Boston. Added to these were the wealth and culture of the "Hub" and other entres of literature, all eager and anxious to pay the homage due to Oliver Wendell Holmes. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Helen Hunt, Rose Terry Cooke, Julia Ward Howe and other brilliant men and women whose fame has penetrated into every tributes at the teet of the genial old poet and philosopher who has been making the world brighter and ore cheerful for the last half century. The original founders of the Atlantic were all present except Professor James Ruswere sell Lowell, and many were the kindly expressions uttered for the first editor. It was a notable gathring in every sense of the word and one that will e long treasured in the memories of those who had the privilege of participating. The banquet hall richly decorated with flowers and evergreens, and the tables were laden with tasteful bouquets. The following was the order in which the guests ROWS OF LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

At the first table Mr. H. O. Houghton, president of e occasion, occupied the chair, with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on his right and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on his left. Next to the latter was sident Eliot, of Harvard College, and Mrs. Wister heid the corner position. On Dr. Holmes' right were Mrs. H. O. Houghton, J. G. Whittier and Mrs. Jackson. At the ends of the lable were Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Whitney, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Mrs. James f. Fields. The table at the other end of the room was occupied by Mr. W. D. Howells, editor of the c, who had on his right H. W. Lonfellow, Mrs. Howells, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mrs. Rose Terry Cook, F. H. Underwood and Mrs. Mrs. Howells, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mrs. Rose Terry Cook, F. H. Underwood and Mrs. Sargent, and on his left were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mrs. Millen. The other guests present were Mr. S. D. Warren, Mrs. Sherwood, Governor Rice, Miss Sprague, Mr. J. R. Osgood, Miss S. O. Jewett, Colonel George E. Waring, Mrs. Anthony, Mr. Harper, Mrs. Fairchild, Professor Gray, Mr. Agassiz, Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr.; Mr. John Fiske, Mr. Perry, Rev. G. E. Ellis, Mr. Flagg, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Coffin, Rov. Joseph Cook, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, Mr. Depr. Mr. W. P. P. Longfellow, Mr. Van Brunt, Mr. E. B. Haskell, Mr. H. C. Lodge, Mr. Rdward L. Burlingame, Mr. Anthony, Mr. James M. Bugbee, Mrs. Moulton, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, Miss Lucy Larcom, Mr. William Winter, Mrs. Clement, Mr. T. T. W. Higginson, Miss Bloode, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Diaz, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Fairchild, Miss Annan, Mr. Bishop, Miss Perry Mr. William Parton, Mrs. Wells, Rev. Dr. Bellows, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. C. E. Norton, Miss Curtis, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, Miss Carrington, Rev. Dr. Wharton, Mr. Bigelow, Dr. Brewer, Mr. Foxcroft, Mr. Faweett, Dr. Warren, Mr. W. A. Hovey, Mr. Gilman, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Mr. Edward Atkinson, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. E. Edward Eggleston, Mr. Dwight, Mr. F. D. Millet, Dr. Angell, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Deming, Rev. Julius H. Ward, Mr. Davis, Mr. Apthorp, Rev. J. B. Harrison, Miss Lucretis P. Hale, Mr. Parkman, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Miss Preston, Mr. Mifflin, Mrs. George P. Lathrop, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mrs. Julia B. C. Door, Mr. C. P. Cranch.

Executive Mansios, Washinscon, Nov. 25, 1879. Gentleng of the seventisth Mrthdise of Proceeding of the seventisth Mrthdise of Presched and rend. Among of the seventisth Mrthdise of Presched and rend.

EXECUTIVE MANNION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1879.
GENTLEMEN—I am obliged to you for inviting me to a preakfast in honor of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Holimes. Nobody enjoyed his breakfast table talk some years ago more than I did. Seventy years used to seem a creat age, but I can't think of Dr. Holmes as growing old. am sorry I can't enjoy the breakfast with him. May he still live many years—happy himself and, as he always has sone, making others happy. Sincerely, R. B. HAYEN. CONTINUE TO BE AT YEAR OF THE ATTERNATION OF THE AT

teacher in the high school of life. I would fain add a leaf to the laurel which will crown his brow, and confess my debt for the smiling wisdom, the exquisite humor, the joyous hilarity, the tender pathoa that softens the lambent wit of the man who, on the verge of old age, has never grown old, but with the experience of years preserves the freshness of youth. With my best wishes that the light of his early manhood, I am, most cordially, his friend and yours,

freshness of youth. With my best wishes that the right of his eventide may long shine with the morning beauty of his early manhood, I am, most cordially, his friend and yours,

WEST NEW BEIGHTON, Staten Island, N. Y., & Nov. 22, 1870.

GENTLEMEN—If it were possible for all of his friends who would gladly take your guest by the hand personally to appear at your feast they would come as the leaves when forests are rended; and as he sits among you, honoring and honored, and watches the orstors pouring out their homage in sincerely oloquent speech and song, he will see bohind each one of them, as in the old pictures of saints, the cloud of witnesses innumerable filling the distance with their all hali! None of the brilliant company—poot, or orator, or wit, or story-teiler—will breathe a strain of gravity, or humor, or fancy, which will not soem to be his own; for, of all our masters in literature, licimes is the one of whom it will be said, "He touch'd the tender stops of various quills." I do not dare to write as fully as I can all that is In my grateful heart for him and for his works. But with all his triumphs there was one thing he could not do until this year. Nove before could be show that at seventy the heart of the man may be will held be bey's unword heart of variat and generous loyality, and the word of the cash other hand to be a now of the cash other hand to reach other no fairer fortune than to be just as cold and as young as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Most truly, his friend and yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 39, 1879. 1

Ay Dear Sirs—Not distance but winter keeps me from your festival. Your guest has ever been so ready to recognize what is praiseworthy in others that he has twice over the right to be honored for his mastery over the two great instruments of thought, poetry and prome, and of he may and its praise over the pright to be honored for his mastery over the two great instruments of thought, poetry and prome, and one of his may factions as having an inalienable right to a

Your own well wisher and friend,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

Letters of regret at enforced absence were also received from Carl Schurz, J. W. De Forest, Richard Grant White, Mrs. E. C. Agassiz, Donald G. Mitchell, Frederick Douglass, George W. Childs, President Porter. O' Yale College; Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Professor H. H. Boyesen, E. P. Whipple, Henry Watterson, Professor Francis J. Child, Mrs. L. Maria Child, John G. Saxe, Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, General Francis A. Waker, Rev. Edward E. Haie, A. G. Browne, Jr.; D. A. Goddard, Dr. J. G. Holland, Henry M. Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine; Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Thomas W. Parsons, Parke Godwin, Gail Hamilton, John Foster Kirk, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Allen B. Magruder, Ben Perley Poore, Mrs. Frances H. Burnett, George H. Boker, J. J. Platt, John Holmes (brother of Dr. Holmes, and as witty), and others.

From twelve till half-past one o'clock a reception was tendered to the distinguished guest, at which all the literary people paid their respects. The toilets of the ladies were very rich, but rather plain. The gontlemen appeared in frock coats and light colored trousers. Many were the congratulations tendered to Dr. Holmes on the completion of his seventicth birthday.

H. O. HOUGHTON'S ADDRESS.

birthday.

H. O. HOUGHTON'S ADDRESS,

When the good things which made up the breakfast had been fully discussed the literary exercises were introduced by Mr. H. O. Houghton, senior partner of the firm which publishes the Atlantic. After calling the company to order he spoke as foilows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—Some writer has said that a pure despotism and a pure democracy are identical. We have present here to-day a despot who rules us with imperial sway, and we all acknowledge his authority, and even claim that it is not his power, but our own which he exercises over us. It is our thoughts which he speaks. It is our humor to which he gives expression. It is the pictures of our own fancy that he clothes in words, and shows us what we ourselves thought, and only lacked the means of expressing. We never realized until he taught us, by his magic power over us, how much each of us had of genus, and invention, and expression. And it is especially fitting that we should honor, even in his own country, a prophet who has revealed to us what wonderful people we all are. It is also fitting that he who was present at the christening of the allantic Monthly and gave it its name should also drink a cup of tea in honor of its attaining its majority and entering, as we trust, upon a new career of usefulness. We have had before this one occasion of celebrating the three score-and-tenth anniversary of one of its leading writers. These occasions remind us both of the age of the Allantic LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-Some writer has said

and of the youthfulness of its various contributors. One of the pleasant remmiscences of this occasion is the fact that most of the leading contributors from its start, in 1857, are still among its leading writers. Resides our honored guest, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell and Mrs. Stowe are still writers who were among the original contributors, and there has been a troop of young men and women coming on—nearly a thousand in all—any one of whom might well consider it a laudable amotion. If not to excel, to equal those who have gone before them. Nevertheless, both literature and the publishing of books are in their infancy in this country. We have been so given to the development of the material resources of the country and to settling the great question of domestic and foreign politics, that but little space has been left for the poet and the historian. But our unrivalled scenery, our soon to be extinguished native races, the wonderful variety of climate and the heterogeneous character of our population, the new and exciting events of the present age of invention and discovery—all open wide fields for the future historian, the novelist and the poet. And we doubt not this field will be occupied and cultivated, and that we shall have other men and women to come after us who will sing of the wrongs and the heroism of the Indian, who will paint our mountains and rivers and discuss the great problems of humanity with a more vigorous pen and with a wider reach of knowledge and fancy than has ever existed heretofore, and we trust that this class will be found among the younger contributors. We welcome many of them here to-day, both ladies, and gentlemen. To these festivals we always intended to invite the ladies, but the fact is (I trust the reporters will not hear this, for it is spoken in strictest confidence) publishers are bashful. We were afraid to ask for fear we should be rofused. Those of us who were once young cannot full to remember how our hearts throbbed and our courage failed when we were about to

ing for the defence of freedom and the equal rights of all.

In an old almanae of the year 1809, against the date of August 29, is the simple entry, "Son born." The ink with which that entry was made was blotted with the coarse sand universally used at that time, and that sand to-day, firmly imbedded in the ink, still glistens on the record. May the sands of this life, which blot the record of immortality which awaits our autocrat, be as adhesive and continue for many years to come to give out its coruscations of light and truth and beauty. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you as a sentiment, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; O King, live forever!"

DR. HOLMES READS A POEM.

Dr. Holmes was greeted with most enthusiastic applause, the company rising to receive him. The response which he made, without preliminary words, was the reading of the following poem:—

Where is this patriarch you are kindly greeting? Not unfamiliar to my oar his name, Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting In days long wanismed—is he still the same? in days long vanished—is he still the same?

Or, changed by years, forgotten and forgotting,
Dull-arred, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought;
Still o'er the sad, degenerate present retting,
Where all goes wrong and nothing as it ought?
Old age, the gray beard! Well, indeed, I know him—
Shrunk, tottering, bent of sches and ills the prey;
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,
Oft have I met him from my earliest day.

In my old Æsop, telling with his bundle—
His load of sticks—politely asking death,
Who comes when called for—would he lug or trundle
His fagot for him? He was scant of breath.
And sad (Ecclesiastes, or the preacher)— And, sad (Ecclesiastes, or the preacher)—
Has he not stamped the image on my soul
In that last chapter, where the worn-out teache
Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken bowl Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken bowit
Yes, long indeed, I've known him at a distance,
And now my litted door-latch shows him here.
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance
And find him smilling as his stee draws near.
What though of glided bawbles he bereaves us,
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves
The hearded spoils, the legacles of time.
Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passions uneasy nursling rocked saleep.
Hopes anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep.
Still, as the silver cord gets wern and slender. Still, as the silver cord gets wern and slender, Its lightened task-work tugs with leasening strain, Hands get more helpful, voices grown more tender, Soothe with their softened tones the slumbrous brain Soothe with their softened tones the slumbrous by Youth longs and manhoos strives, but age remember Sits by the raked up ashes of the past, Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers That warm its creeping life blood till the last. Dear to its heart is overy loving token That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold. Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken, Its labors ended and its story told.

And through the chorus of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying
From some far orb I track our watery sphere—
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying—
The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

But Nature levels her mirror of fillusion
To win from saddoning scenes our age-dimmed eyes,
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And lite forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions teat shunned the glaring noonday find us,
And glimmering startight shows the gates of pearl.
I come not here your morning hear to sadden,
A limping pligrim, leaning on his staff—
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden,
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.
If word of mine another's gloom has brightened.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message
If hand of mine another's task has lightened
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim. It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.
But 6H; my gentle sisters, 6H; my brothers,
These thick sown snow flakes hint of toil's release;
These feebler pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.
Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
Though to your love untiring still beholden;
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
And warmer heart than nook or word can tell.
In simplest phrase—those trattorous eyes are tourful—
Thanks, brothers, sisters—children—and farewell.

James T. Fields read the following poem, by

OUR AUTOCRAY.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,
Romance and art, so young witha
At heart, we scarcely dure to say
We keep his seventieth festival. His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth and tenderness
To heat the slightest wound from it. And his the pathes touching all Life's sins and sorrows and regrets. It's hopes and fears, it's final call And rest beneath the violets. And rest beneath the violets.
His sparkling surface scarce betrays
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled.
The wisdom of the latter days,
And tender memories of the old.
What shapes or fancies, grave or gay
Before us at his bidding come:
The treadmilt tramp, the one horse shay,
The dumb desoair of Elsie's doom.

The tale of avis and the mand.
The tale of avis and the mand.
The plea for ins that cannot speak.
The holy kiss that iris laid
On little Boston's pallid check;
Long may be live to sing for us
The songs that stay the flight of time.
And, like his chambered manting.
To holier heights of boauty climb.

Though now unnumbered guests surround The table that he rules at will, It's autocrat, however crowned. It's not our friend and comrade still. The world may keep his honored name, The wealth of all his varied powers. A stronger claim has love than fame, And he himself is only ours.

Astronger ciain has love than fame,
And he himself is only ours.

OTHER SPECCHES AND FOEMS.

At the close of Dr. Holmes' poem Mr. Houghton apologized for not being able to present the real editor of the Attante. That gentleman, he suid, was a lank, tall man, with heavy spectacles and a very solemn, uncompromising look. He lived in an attic, whose only furniture was a high stool and a deek, with a knife and grindstone. The knife was used to cut out all the good things in an article, and the grindstone was used to sharpen the knife. He never leaves that room and never meets a contributor. There was a young man present, however, who represented the real editor—a young man who did not resomble him in character or appearance, who did all the pleasant and none of the disagreeable things. He would introduce Mr. W. D. Howells. Mr. Howells was very warmly received on rising, and made a very neat speech.

After a flattering allusion to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mr., Howell introduced Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Howe told a story about a congress of literary people held in Paris when she was there. She got ready at a sacrifice of much confort to attend, but when she asked for admission she was told that ladies were not allowed to attend the sessions. "Now," said Mrs. Howe, "whatever a woman may be or may have been, it has never been denied that she was a person." The speaker paid a very flattering tribute to Mr. Holmes' genius and manhood, and closed by reading an exquisite poem prepared for the occasion, alluding to the great feat of killing a bear. Mr. Howells introduced Charles Dudley Warner, who made a very pleasant speech.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, OF HAEVARD.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, OF HARVARD.

President Eliot, of Harvard, was next introduced.

He regretted that in the presence of so much learning and eloquence he had not written a speech or a poem. He wanted to call attention to the fact that Dr. Holmes was, besides being a poet and philosopher, a seientist who had trained himself for half a century in the exactness of scientific study. He knew the course of every vein and artery and the function of every nerve and muscle, and, said Professor Eliot, I have often noticed in his writings the realists of this accurate knowledge of human austomy. After telling his hearers that he foot lectured in his class room in the well had been been provided in the seak, he closed by hoping that the seak without would be kept up for year to come. "We would now like to hear something from the of Hartford made the following response."

I would have travelled a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Dr. Holmes. For my feeling toward him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. You never can receive letters enough from famous men afterward to obliterate that one, or dim the memory of the pleasant surprise it was, and the gratification if gave you. Lapse of time cannot make it commonplace or cheap. Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from—and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new a friend of mine said, "The dedication is very neat." Yes, I said, I thought it was. My friend said, "I always admired it, even before I saw it in the "Innocents Abroad." I naturally said, "What do you mean? Where did you ever see it before?" "Well, I saw it first some years ago, as Mr. Holmes' dedication in the single profess and he did prove

time yet before any can truthtully say, "He is growing old."

JOSEPH W. HARPER.

At the close of Mr. Clemens' speech Mr. J. W. Harper, of New York, made a very pleasant address on the relations of authors to publishers, and recalled some reminiscences of his first meeting with Dr. Holmes in Boston. He said it was the province of New York to admire, and one of its peculiarities was that it sometimes admired Boston. Boston did not, however, own Dr. Holmes; he belonged to the whole world; his poetry was as universal as the English language. In admiring the genial autocrat, therefore, New York did not admire a Boston institution.

E. C. STEDMAN'S POEM.

E. C. STEDMAN'S POEM. Twas the season of feasts when the blithe birds had met In their easternmost arbor, an innocent throng, And they made the glad birthday of each gladder yet With the daintiest cheer and the rarest of song.

With the daintiost cheer and the rarest of song.

What brave terra-lirras! But clear amid all
At each festival held in the favorite haunt,
The nightingale's music would quaver and fall,
And surest and sweetest of all was his chaut.

At last came the nightingale's fete, and they sought
To make it the tunefullest tryst of the year.
Since this was the soughter that of tener caught
The moments quick rapture, the joy that is near.
But, alas! half in vain, the fine chorus trey made,
Fresh plumed, and all fluttering and uttering their be
For silent among them—so etiquette bade—
To the notes of his praisers ast listening the guest.
Quel dommage! must a failure like theirs be our feast?
Must our cherister's voice at his own fête be still?
While he thinks "You are kind, may your tribe be it But at this I can give you such odds if I will."

What avail, fellow minstrels, our crotchets and staves. Though your tribute like mine rises straight from boart.
Unless while the bough on his laurel bush waves
To his own Sangerfest the one guest lends his art.
Whose swift wit like his, with which none dares to vie,
Whose carel so instant, so joyous and true?
Sound it cheerly, dear Holmes, for the sun is still high,
And wo're glad, as he halts, to be cuisung by you!

And we're giad, as he haits, to be outsung by you!

A poem was also read by Mrs Helen. Hunt.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich made a pleasant speech and was followed by J. T. Trowbridge, who read a neat poem.

C. P. Crouch and Colonel Higginson closed the the brilliant occasion with speeches and poems.

### GENERAL GRANT AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 3, 1879. A special train on the Northwestern Railroad, bearing General Grant, left Galena at one o'clock this afternoon. It contained besides General Grant, General Anson Stager, General Sheri-dan, Colonel Fred Grant and other prominent residents of this city. The train was superbly made up, and consisted of three palace coaches. It reached this city about twenty minutes past six o'clock this evening. General Grant was driven at once to the house of Colonel Grant, where he will remain most of the time during his six days' stay in Chicago.

### PHILADELPHIA FINANCEERING.

SALE OF THE BALANCE OF THE CITY'S STOCK IN THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILBOAD-NEARLY THREE MILLION DOLLARS TO PASS INTO THE MUNICIPAL SINKING FUND.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1879.

Negotiations have been pending for several days between the executive officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and those of the city of Philadelphia in reference to the sale of the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company held by the city to the railroad company. Late last night the final de-cision was reached, but not announced till to-day. It was to sell at par the entire amount of stock held by the city-59,149 shares-for which the railroad company will hand over its check for \$2,957,450, which is at once to be invested by the Sinking Fund Commissioners in the city's four per cent loan. This stock has more than paid for itself while in the hands of the city, as the following statement

# Total....\$6,135,731 which represents the net profit to the city. This sale will deprive the city of its representation in the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

### SALE OF IMPORTED CATTLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1879. At the auction sale of imported cows and heifers from the British Isles, which took place yesterday at Herkness' Bazaar, the following were the mos prominent lots offered and disposed of :-

## TRACY'S APPROACHING END.

A Last Interview with Him in His Cell.

WHY COMMUTATION WAS REFUSED.

His Written Narrative of the Events Leading to His Crime.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD, ]

Sметировт, Ра., Dec. 3, 1879. All the preparations for the execution of Andrew Tracy between the hours of twelve and two to-morrow are complete. The scaffold has been erected in the corridor of the jail, and all day long crowds of men and women have been entering the building to inspect the instruments of death.

THE PRISONER'S LAST DAY.

The condemned man received the Herald correspondent at half-past eight this morning, and to him said that he had prepared a long statement, which his lawyer would permit me to copy. Tracy was perfectly calm and spoke without any mani-

festation of grief.
"I am feeling as well as any man can be expected to feel under the circumstances," said he, in answer to the correspondent's salutation.

"Did you rest well last night?"
"No: I did not sleep until nearly morning. Iudeed, I was hardly asleep before eight o'clock. I always was a night owl, and loved darkness better

"Did you rest well last night?"

"No: I did not sleep until nearly morning. Indeed, I was hardly asleep before eight o'clock. I always was a night owt, and loved darknoss better than day light to study and meditate in. I fear that I was not a very companionable sort of fellow."

The correspondent then handed the condemned man a copy the Henath containing his poem. He was much pleased and read the heading, "The Powillinous remain until to-morrow?" he asked, calmity, but with some effort. "Yes," was the answer.

He was silent for a moment, after which he restuned:—"80 you have come all the way from New York to attend the sad ceromony. They are interested, then, in my case, even there! Well, in New York I have a dear old friend, a former tutor of mine. I wonder if he thinks of me. I have calmiy made up my mind to die, and shall do as well as I can in the trying moment. I make ro promises, for human nature is very weak. Least of all men should I say what I shall or shall not do. I had, of course, hoped for a very different ending from this, but what are the dreams of youth after all? They are dissipated by the disappointments of manhood. Mine are suddenly ended once and forever. I thank you for this call. Goodby.

There seems to be some evidence to show that when the Board of Pardons first decided against Tracy he had determined to commit suicide. On September 23 he wrote several letters, in which he indicated that he was about to die, and to a relative he bequeathed his body, which he declared should be disposed of according to the ancient. Roman custom, "burned instead of ourfed. It does not matter," continues he, "what becomes of this handful of dust after the breasth leaves it." He then goes into a scientific discussion of cremation, and says that he has understood that grave robbing is carried on in this neighborhood, though it is not generally known. He gives specific directions how his body shall be remaided. No coffin shall be purchased. He directs that his body be carried on a board to a point mear the Tra

securing favor with county officers, wrote the notes himself. I have seen the writing of the two men side by side, but do not desire to express an opinion. Shaffer is said to be one of the best penmen in the country. Tracy's friends and Tracy himself atterly disclaim any intent, past or present, of committing or abetting suicide. Father Francis Dent, who passed nearly two hours with the condemned man this atternoon, stated to me most emphatically that these stories about Tracy's intended suicide were falsehoods. He said Tracy was now thoroughly penitent and hoped for forgiveness.

After a careful reading of the two statements written by Tracy it seems clearly impossible to print either, because of their length. Each would fill several columns of the Harald. They do not partake of the character of confession, but rather of the nature of memoirs. The statement confided to Shaffer is much the more succinct and valuable of the two. It is the wish of its author that it be retained until after his death; but as I learn to-night that a friend of Convict Shaffer is hawking it about the hotels at \$100. I deem it proper to briefly summarize this statement, which covers sixteen sheets of legal cap. It begins with a review of the trial. After thanking Judge Williams for his good intentions in recommending him to mercy, Tracy declares that the Judge was deliberately tricked and deceived by the District Attorney. Several newspapers are next denounced by name as his persecutors. Tracy then enters into a long argument to show that he was convicted because he was a Catholic, and that the pardoning power was withheld for the same reason. This part of the statement grieves his Catholic friends sincerely, because a large majority of the signers of the petitions were Protestants. Tracy then takes up S. W. Smith, the District Attorny, and denounces him in unmeasured terms. His attacks are not only savage, but would be libelious if published.

Love and MADNESS.

torney, and denounces him in unmeasured terms. His attacks are not only savage, but would be libellous if published.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

We then reach the most important part of the statement, in which he tries to supply a justification for his crime. He begins by narrating the incidents of his wooling and engagement to Mary Reilly. He tells how fondly he loved her and how bright the earth seemed to them then, till, by an intercepted letter, Miss Reilly's father discovered the relations of the two. The violence of the old gentleman is depicted, and the threat is stated to have been made to Tracy that "the father's death alone would render their marriage possible." Then follows reasoning that sayors of sophistry or madness. "How cound he put an end to his own life except by taking mine?" he asks Mary, More queries are propounded of the same irrational nature. The condemned man goes on to say that the madness of disappointed love grew upon him day and night. He at last reasoned himself into believing that Mr. Reilly intended to kill him, and the strange delusion soon took possession of him that whatever he himself might do was sanctioned of God. The mild train of reasoning into which this led him was, he declares, "increased by intemperance," until on the fatal night as he was following the object of his love, she and her companion suddenly began to walk faster as though she knew he was behind and wished to escape him. On the instant mounted to his brain the demon of despair. He believed that she was about to forsake him. He was mad. He killed her at the door of the bereaved rather's house. He says of her corpse that the sight of it recalled all the blows and fill usage which he declares the father to have inflicted upon the poor dead girl.

He then enters upon a defence of the young lady, whose character has never been assailed. The statement concludes with an expressed hope to rejoin her in heaven.

At eight o'clock to-night the family of the condemned man, accompanied by four priests, took final leave of him.

BALTIMORE'S BIG BORE

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 3, 1879. BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 3, 1879.

The boring of the tunnel to connect Lake Monta.

bello and Lock Raven, on the line of the Gunpowder bello and Lock Raven, on the line of the Gunpowder Permanent Water Supply, was completed to-day. It is \$36,500 feet long—a few teet less than seven unles—being the longest aqueduct tunnel and the third largest tunnel in the world. It cost \$1,500,000, and was bored in three years and eight months, less than half the time of any similar work. It is a perfectly straight line of twelve feet diameter, and capable of accommodating an immense body of water. Fitteen shafts were sunk in the course of the work, some of them over three hundred feet deep. Five miles of the length was bored through rock. With the end of the length was bored through rock. With the isker and storage reservoirs the entire work will cost about \$5,000,000, the amount appropriated by the city for our new water supply.

#### TROTTING TRIALS.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF REVIEW OF THE NA-TIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION-THE CASES HEARD AND THE WITNESSES EXAMINED.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting ssociation met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday morning, First Vice President Edwin Thorne in the chair. Several cases were heard during the session,

TOTALL TROTTED ASSOCIATION—THE ACADEM ELANDAL TO THE WITE WAS THE STANDAL TO AMBRET AND THE STANDAL TO AMBRET AND THE ACADEM ELANDAL TO AMBRET AND THE ACADEM ELANDAL

were suspended for mon-payment of entrance, \$250 each. The money was temporarily deposited with the treasurer. The case will be decided in executive session.

966. Alden Goldsmith, Washingtonville, N. Y. (exparte).—Application for the removal of the penalty of expulsion of the bay gelding Alley.—This case has become quite famous in the trotting world. The bay gelding Alley won the 2:22 class at Beacon Park, Boston, in September last. After the race Alley and his driver, J. H. Goldsmith, were expelled, on the ground that the horse was "pulled" in one of the heats. Mr. Alden Goldsmith appeared before the Board and made a longthy statement, detailing the characteristics of the horse Alley, and of his (Goldsmith's) opinion regarding the expulsion. Mr. Goldsmith had no pools on the race, and presented many affidavits showing that he always started his horse to win, as was the case in the race under examination. The sentence of expulsion was a great wrong, and he looked for justice at the hands of the Board. Frank it. Herdick, a professional pool seller, was one of the witnesses, and he held that "if Mr. Goldsmith was considered a pool buyer all the pool sellers would starze to death. As a pool buyer Mr. Goldsmith was not a success." Affidavits of professional drivers who had handled Mr. Goldsmith's trotters were also submitted by the latter in his behalf, and the case went over for decision in executive session. During the evening session of the Board testimony was taken in several minor cases, which will be fully reviewed by the members before final adjournment.

### THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON

[From the Sporting Gazette, Nov. 22.] Time flies fast, and this evening, when the curtain drops at Kempton Park, flat racing will be over for the year, and for the next four months the book-makers will have ample time to tottle up their winnings and bad debts, while the plungers will have leisure to brood over their losses, which, unless rumor is false, have been heavier than usual. Owners of large studs, on the contrary, have had a prosperor large studs, on the contrary, have had a prosper-ous season, although a foreigner heads the list, Count Lagrange having £24,568 placed to his credit at Weatherby's, while Lord Falmouth is close behind him with a total of £23,560%, principally contributed by Charibert and Wheel of Fortune. Rayon d'Or is far in front of either of them. £17,947 being a very large sum to obtain by the aid of a horse, that, although no beauty to look at, is certainly a good one to go, yet by no means the animal that would be selected as a Crichton to perpetuate the equine race, voted, as he has been by the critics, giraffe and a three-cornered brute, possessing nearly every fault that can be found in a thoroughbred; yet girafic and a three-cornered brute, possessing nearly every fault that can be found in a thoroughbred; yet even those who would detract from his merits must contess that his speed is great, and if offered by ancition it is probable that he would realize five figures. Although fosied in France the hero of the sesson can boast of English blood, his sire, Flagoolet, being by an English horse, Plutus, while his mother, Araucaria, a daughter of Ambrose and Pocahoutas, was for years in Mr. Naylor's stud, and it required a large check to transfer her to Chamant, where she has proved a mine of weath, having produced Camelia, Chamant and Rayon d'Or, who have between them carried from thirty to forty thousand pounds in stakes slone across the Channel. Unfortunately, English breeders, with few exceptions, are always willing to part with their good mares to foreigners, and to this cause we must attribute the reverses we have suffered from a Kisber and Rayon d'Or.

That from good mares we are entitled to expect good results is patent from the position occupied this year by Lord Falmouth, whose Wheel of Fortune, a winner this season of £12,075, which would have been greatly increased had she kept sound, is the daughter of Queen Bertha, an Oaks winner herself, and also the mother of Spinaway, that followed in her footsteps. The value of such matrons as those which have contributed to Lord Falmouth's success is incalculable and proves the theory we have always maintained, that breeders

should as far as possible select the best mares for their harems. Without going into actual figures we believe the third place in the list is occupied by the Duke of Westminster, whose three two-year-olds, Bend Or, Dourance and Evasion, have contributed £12,293, and it is exceedingly gratifying to find so thoroughly popular a sportsman as His Grace th this favorable position. The first named is a homebred colt by his celebrated Doncaster, and the two fillies, Dourance and Evasion, were bought at auction.

Public breeders can not only point with pride to this useful pair of fillies, but also to the success which has attended the Marquis of Anglesea, who has obtained a high pinnacle among winning owners entirely by his two-year-olds, bought at Messrs, Tattersall's sales; and it is a great feat to sell two horses, as he has done, for 13,000 guineas, and others for large sums far beyond their original cost, and the good judgment of the trainers who selected these youngsters is a contrast to that of those who hare annually giving large sums, yet rarely get a youngster that can earn its salt, although this year the various breeding establishments have turned out a great many winners—quite as many, in proportion, as private studs—and the curiosity of the season is the fact of Lord Falmouth having such a weak lot of two-year-olds.

Germany, who threw down the gauntlet last year with Kinesem, has done but little with us in 1878, and those high priced yearlings sold two years ago at Cobbam proved absolute failures. Russia has sent us nothing this season to comecte, but one of her princes, who is most popular at Newmarket and in turf circles, has done wonderfully well with Mask and others, as has Mr. Lorillard, whose Parole, Geraldine and Pappoose have made our American cousins frantic with delight, and we may expect a fresh lot of horses for the new campaign. They have, however, failed to find a cup champion to compare with Mr. Gretton's Isonomy, who has achieved what no one animal ever did before, the winning in one sea

The following horses, the property of Mr. C. Nicholas Beach, of Newport, were sold at auction yesterday by Charles W. Barker, at the New York Tattersall's, corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth

not warranted sound; to Mr. F. F. Robago, 210 York. 210 A bay gelding, 16 hands high, 8 years old, sired by Scott's Hambletonian, and has trotted in 2:40 to a road wagou; to Mr. B. Phelps, New York... 810

MOVEMENT TO ESTABLISH A NATIONAL YACHTS

A meeting of a committee of delegates representing several yacht clubs was held yesterday afternoon in No. 13 Park row. The committee had been empowered by the representatives who were present at a former meeting to formulate a programme for the establishment of a central body of yachtsmen to be known as the "National Yachting Association." The paper which was adopted yesterday by the committee bore the names: -W. H. Delworth, New Jersey Yacht Club; A. P. Ball, Jersey City Yacht Club; John H. Robbins, Manhattan Yacht Club; Peter Kerumeich, Empire City Yacht Club; John Goodwin, Hudson City Yacht Club; David Hall Rice, Salem (Mass.) Yacht Club; T. F. Sullivan, Williamsburg Yacht Club; E. W. Ketchum, New Jersey Yacht Club. The objects intended to be gained by the new organization, as set forth in the decument adopted are:—A more intimate acquaintance of clubs with each other; uniformity in sulling regulations; the placing on record in the central organization correct lists of the members belonging to each club and the dimensions and descriptions of their yachts; annual grand union regattas in New York Bay and other prominent yachting places; a better method of classification, and, if possible, an improvement in the system of time allowances, and the granting of an official certificate to the owner of a yacht winning a race when sailed under the rules of the association. In carrying out this plan all regularly organized clubs are invited to co-operate. To this end clubs are invited to elect three delegates each to represent their respective interests at a meeting which is to be called next month for the purpose of preparing for the season of 1880. Clubs are not to be assessed, excepting for a small amount necessary to pay for the proper management of the association. Mr. S. B. Osbon, of the Brookly Yacht Club, was chairman of yesterday's meeting, and Mr. John Frick, of the Columbia Yacht Club, secretary. The meeting adjourned subject to (Mass.) Yacht Club; T. F. Sullivan, Williamsburg

The schooner yacht Haze, now lying at Winthrop's Cove, New London, which was owned by Dr. Henry

At the meeting of the Dock Commissioners held yesterday an opinion was read from the Corporation Counsel in answer to a letter from the Board, in which he said that the Dock Department had no power to permit the Friendship Boat Club to ocpower to permit the Friendship Boat Club to oc-cupy city property at the foot of East Twenty-eighth street unless the privilege was sold at public auction to the highest bidder, and even then it should be used for commercial purposes only. He, therefore, advises that the Board should at once cause the boathouse to be removed. The secretary was instructed to notify the club to remove at once.

## SPARRING EXHIBITION

Jimmy Kelly, a well known boxer, will be tendered complimentary benefit at Hill's Theatre this afternoon. There will be boxing, wrestling and a variety entertainment. The sparring bouts will be between many of the best professionals in the city.

### SPORTING NOTES.

The Graco-Roman wrestlers, Messrs. Christol and Bibby, will contend for the supremacy this evening at the Madison Square Garden.

The seventy-two hours' bicycling contest at the Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal., closed on Tuesday night. The scores were:—Messrs. Eggers, 543; Morrile, 512; Bennett, 480; Boyston, 422, and Dunbar, 400.

bar, 400.

A glass ball shooting match came off yesterday at Red Bank, N. J., between Messrs. William Quimbo, of Somerville, N. J., and D. H. Gildersleeve, of New York. Mr. Quimbo won the match by breaking 86 to Mr. Gildersleeve's 83.

York. Mr. Quimbo won the match by breaking set to Mr. Gildersleev's 83.

In the rifle shooting contest yesterday at Bergen, N. J., for the champion marksman's badge or the Bergen Rifle Club, shot for monthly, 200 yards, ten shots, off hand, any rifle, the winner was Mr. D. H. La Compte, with a score of 45 out of a possible 50. The following were the other best scores:—Mr. J. S. Long, 42; Mr. S. W. Oates, 42; Mr. Matt Lemuel, 42; Mr. P. H. Bennett, 41; Mr. W. Bennett, 40; Mr. C. Schaeffer, 40, and Mr. D. B. Banks, 38.

The members of the Fountain Gun Club had their regular monthly contest at the Brooklyn Driving Park yesterday afternoon. Thirteen members shot for a gold badge at seven birds each, and the prize was won by Mr. C. W. Wingert, after a tie with Mr. H. Hass. They shot off three times at three birds each, each time making ties, but on the fourth shoot off Mr. Hass missed. Mr. Wingert killed sixteen of the seventeen birds shot at and Mr. Hass fitteen.

Over two hundred entries, comprising the bost

the seventeen birds shot at and Mr. Hass fifteen.

Over two hundred entries, comprising the best amateur athletes from the leading clubs of America, have been received for and will compete in the third annual winter meeting of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, at the Madison Square Garden, to-morrow and Saturday evenings, commencing at seven o'clock. The event of the first evening will be the (third annual contest) twenty-five mile walk, for the amateur championship of America, with thirteen entries, among whom are Budd How, of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, the present champion: T. F. Smith, who holds the best twenty mile record; William O'Keefe, Manhattan Athletic Club; Thomas Buckley and Alfred Varian.

At Elizabethport, N. J., yesterday afternoon, the sevent of the contest was the contest of the cont

O'Keefe, Manhattan Athletic Club; Thomas Buckley and Alfred Varian.

At Elizabethport, N. J., yesterday afternoon, a three bird sweepstakes, 21 yards rise, H and T traps, was shot by Messers, Griswold, Smith and Thompson, each killing all their birds. The tle shoot, 'miss and go out,' was not decided until the fourteenth bird. All missed on the fourth bird of the tie. Mr. Griswold killed his fourteenth bird, the others missing theirs. A second three bird sweepstakes followed between Messrs. Woodward, Selover, Jackson and Thompson, which was won by Mr. Woodward. The event of the day was a ten bird sweepstakes, \$5 entrance, first five at 21 yards and the last five at 25 yards. The scores were—Mr. Platt, 9; Mr. Watson, 9; Mr. Thompson, 8; Mr. Griswold, 8; Mr. Woodward, 8; Mr. Thompson, 8; Mr. Smith, 6. The ties were shot off in the next sweepstakes, giving Mr. Platt first, Mr. Watson seond and Mr. Griswold third money. The closing sweepstakes of three birds resulted in Messrs. Watson and Elwood dividing the stakes.

### "ALWAYS WITH YOU."

The HERALD has received \$2 from "R. B." for the widow of Mr. Mooney, the workman recently killed